

slumber party

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slumber party

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Summary

George is still playing with the collar of Dream's shirt, but his previous confidence is beginning to erode away as he hesitantly says, "You don't have to wake me up."

Dream takes in a sharp breath at his words. Not wake him up?

"You want me to... touch you while you're still asleep?"

Notes

please use discretion when reading this fic! consensual somnophilia is when sexual acts are performed on a sleeping partner with consent being given beforehand. if that makes you uncomfortable, theres always other smut fics waiting :) enjoy!

Dream wakes up disoriented, sweaty, and uncomfortable. His bleary eyes sweep across the room, taking in the dark surroundings and the lump under the covers next to him. He spots fluffy brown hair peeking out from beneath the soft bedsheet, George's peaceful sleeping face illuminated by Dream's idle monitor that he forgot to turn off. He shifts around in the bed, his body sluggish and sticky with heat and arousal. He forces back a groan when he realizes he's rock hard, and his mind flashes back to what he had been Dreaming about just before he woke up.

Pretty brown eyes peering up at him from below, slim fingers tugging at his hair. Pressing his fingers into soft thighs, kissing up and down pale skin and leaving red and purple bruises in his

wake. Teasing, so much teasing until they're both breathless. Slowly pushing inside and being enveloped in a tight, warm heat.

He sighs when he looks down and sees his boxers tented with a slight wet stain. He tries to ignore the urge to get off, laying back down and attempting to get comfortable, but it's useless. He's antsy and worked up, desperate to touch himself, the urge to just jerk off becoming near irresistible. But making that much movement is sure to wake George up, and he doesn't want to disrupt his boyfriend's sleep. Despite this, his hand creeps downwards and he stifles a moan as he palms himself through his boxers. His gaze returns to George's sleeping form.

George makes a soft noise in his sleep and tosses around, trying to get comfortable. The blanket gets pushed down slightly and he rolls onto his side facing away from Dream. He can now see the way George's shirt is riding up his torso, exposing the skin of his back and his tummy. Dream just wants to dig his fingers in the soft flesh just like he did in his Dreams, pull George close and rut against him till he comes.

But he's asleep. Dream can't do something like that while George is asleep.

"You would be surprised by how many wet dreams I have about you, Georgie."

George laughs at him. "Am I just that sexy?"

Dream grabs him by the arm and sweeps him in for a kiss. George stills in surprise at first before melting into the kiss, a hand playing with the collar of Dream's shirt.

"Yeah, you are. Gets me so hard, dreaming about your pretty body. I wake up aching."

George kisses him again. On the lips, on the corner of his mouth, on his jawline, all the way up until his mouth is right next to Dream's ear.

"Why don't you do something about it, then?"

He pulls back and they make eye contact. George has a dark, lustful look in his eyes, and Dream can't seem to tell if he is actually serious.

"I can't just wake you up in the middle of the night every time I get a boner."

George is still playing with the collar of Dream's shirt, but his previous confidence is beginning to erode away as he hesitantly says, "You don't have to wake me up."

Dream takes in a sharp breath at his words. Not wake him up?

"You want me to... touch you while you're still asleep?" Dream exhales.

George looks uncertain of his next words, like he's afraid he's going to scare Dream off. His eyes follow the way George's adam's apple bobs as he swallows nervously.

"Yes. I want you to touch me while I'm asleep," he repeats.

"George, are you sure about this?" Dream asks. He has never brought up this before, and Dream would never ever do anything to him that he didn't one-hundred percent want.

"I want you to. I give you my permission to do anything you want, even when I'm asleep. You have my full consent."

Dream lets out a shaky breath as he recalls the conversation they had a week ago.

Anything he wants.

He is definitely *wanting* right now, if his throbbing dick is anything to go by.

But even if George explicitly said he was fine with it, Dream is still hesitant. He doesn't want to break George's trust by doing something like this, but if he told Dream that he wants it, then maybe he could just...

He reaches out and grabs the hem of George's shirt. Carefully, he drags it up his body, exposing more of his pale skin. Dream wants to bite it, sink his teeth in and leave red marks all over, let everyone know that George belongs to him. He lets out a shuddering exhale. His shaking hand reaches for the waistband of George's boxers, but then stops just inches away from the fabric.

He can't. George is asleep. He's peaceful, breathing softly, unaware of anything that's going on. Dream can't take advantage of him. He's vulnerable.

Vulnerable. Helpless. Still. Pliant. Inviting...

Dream can feel his dick twitch in his boxers.

He must be fucked up if the sight of George's sleeping body has him this painfully hard. Dream needs to just shut his eyes, will his erection away, and go back to sleep. Yet his eyes paint George's exposed skin with every dirty thought swirling around in his head.

I give you my permission to do anything you want, even when I'm asleep.

Despite how wrong it seems, George gave him explicit consent. Consent to touch him however he pleases, even while he's unconscious. Consent to do anything he wants. George trusts Dream, and that's all he needs.

His fingertips finally brush against George's boxers. Carefully, he hooks two fingers under his waistband and slowly, so slowly, begins to pull them down. He licks his lips as he exposes George's pale skin inch by inch, dragging his boxers down until they're at his thighs. His other hand moves to grab his own cock through his underwear, palming himself slowly.

His hand gropes at George's now exposed ass, digging his fingers into the soft flesh, just like in his Dream. Dream pushes his own boxers down as well, licking a stripe across his hand to gather spit before wrapping his fist around his cock. He has to muffle the moan that threatens to leak past his lips as he runs his thumb over his slit, spreading the leaking precum around.

Dream feels up George's ass, running his fingertips from his hipbone across his pale skin down to his hole, pressing against it gently. He takes his hand and grabs at one of his cheeks, seeing just how much his large grasp can hold. George shifts in his sleep, and Dream's hand stops all motion as he wriggles around. Dream holds his breath and stays as still as possible until George stops moving, getting comfortable once more with a content sigh. Dream lets his breath go.

His hands carefully resume their motions, gently pressing into George's skin and then gaining more confidence until he's kneading the flesh of George's ass while slowly jerking himself off. George is fucking gorgeous, Dream can never get enough of having his hands on him like this. He wants to spank George, smack him over and over until his skin is flushed red and radiating heat. He imagines George squirming, barely able to handle the pleasurable pain but still begging for more.

He swipes his tongue along his lower lip as he drags his thumb down the vein of his dick.

His fingers play with George's hole but don't ever push in, just rubbing and teasing. What he wants is to slick his fingers up and slip them inside, stretch George open on wet digits, but he's not going to. There's no way he could work George open without him waking up.

He hates how his brain finds some sick pleasure in it, in not wanting to wake George up. He should want to be doing all of this while George is awake and present, but he gets a thrill out of this. He wants to touch George while he's sleeping, grope him and feel him up while he jerks himself off right behind him. Maybe he could come all over his exposed back, a nice little surprise for when he wakes up. Dream bites back a moan at the dirty thought.

He hasn't stopped touching himself, all the precum leaking out aiding the glide of his fist up and down his cock. He should be content with this, with just jerking off, but some dark corner of his brain is craving for *more*.

Dream's hands have lost their initial hesitancy and are now spurred on by the rush of lust in his veins. He grabs George's waistband again, this time dragging his boxers even lower. He has to reach a bit to get them nearly all the way down at his knees, but he accomplishes it without so much as a noise from George.

His mouth is nearly watering at the sight in front of him. George's slim thighs are now exposed, beautiful porcelain skin that he wants to bite and lick and suck and strike until he's absolutely covered in marks, branded with Dream's ownership. George's sleeping body is looking more appetizing by the second.

Dream brings his hand, already wet with precum, up to his mouth and gathers a good amount of saliva to spit out onto his palm. One of George's legs is straight with the other bent slightly at the knee, exposing just enough of his inner thigh for Dream to take his slick hand and drag it across the soft skin. It's filthy, how he drags his palm across George's inner thigh and spreads the saliva around. He doesn't know how George hasn't woken up yet with all the movement, but Dream is thankful. He doesn't want him awake just yet.

Dream carefully inches closer to George on the bed until his chest is pressed to George's back. With this angle, he can smell his shampoo and feel the slow inhale and exhale of his deep breathing. He grabs George's bent leg and straightens it back out until both of his legs are straight all the way down, thighs pressed flush together. Dream's body is absolutely buzzing with anticipation.

He grabs his cock and lines it up with George's thighs. His eyes nearly roll back as his dick presses firm against the tight seam of his legs before pushing in and being enveloped in the slick softness of his inner thighs. It feels fucking heavenly, George's thighs wet with saliva gripping his cock tight between them. He pushes forwards until he feels his hips meet the back of George's thighs, shuddering with pleasure. He simply closes his eyes and lies there for a moment, trying to hold back his orgasm as best he can. He doesn't want to come just yet. He needs to see how long he can go before George finally wakes.

George can't clench around him like he normally would, instead he's just lying there pliant and easy. He doesn't tense, doesn't move, doesn't even make a sound, just lies there as Dream uses him like a toy to get off.

Fuck, that's what George is right now. A toy. No backtalk, no brattiness, no protests; sleeping George is just purely there for Dream's satisfaction.

His hand comes to rest gently on George's waist, cradling him as he thrusts between George's thighs, hips rocking against his limp body. He falls into a slow rhythm, fucking his thighs with a restrained desperation, holding himself back from going all out. He breathes in the comforting scent of George, caressing his lax body and listening to the soft exhales leaving his parted lips.

He wonders if he can just come like this. Fuck George's plush thighs until he spills all over him and then go back to sleep, leave George not knowing that anything happened to him until he finally wakes up with his boxers shoved to his knees and sticky thighs. Dream's hips stutter as his breathing grows heavier. He doesn't even notice the way George starts to stir beneath him.

"Mm... Dream? What are y'doin'?" George mumbles sleepily.

Dream stops in his tracks completely. He stays silent for a moment, breathing heavy and cock hard between George's thighs.

"George?" Dream pants out, his grip around his waist tightening.

"Why'd you stop?" He whines. Dream groans when George clenches his thighs together, trapping his dick between them even tighter.

"Jus' keep going," George whispers, the words rolling off his tongue still slurred. His breathing isn't as deep anymore, he's awake but still right on the precipice of unconsciousness. Dream thrusts between his thighs once, twice, and George doesn't make any attempt to stop him, so he doesn't stop.

Pliant is the best word Dream would use to describe George right now. Simply lying there and letting Dream do as he pleases, thrusting between his slick thighs to get himself off. Dream takes the hand on George's waist and trails it down until he can feel his half hard dick. George makes a sweet sound when he touches him, keening in his grasp. Dream feels drunk on the feeling as he thrusts lazily into George's soft thighs.

"God, you feel so good," Dream groans.

George stutters out a moan as Dream touches him, curling his wrist on the upstroke. He clenches his thighs again and Dream gasps, burying his face into George's back as his body stiffens in pleasure.

George's voice is thick with sleep when he speaks, mumbling, "Needy Dream couldn' ev'n wait till I was awake."

Dream should feel like shit about it, how he just used George's body while he was asleep, but he doesn't even care. George gave him consent, and it was *his* request to begin with. At some point Dream had gotten carried away and now he's entirely more into it than expected.

"Didn't want you awake," Dream grunts, snapping his hips and hearing the satisfying smack of his skin against George's. "I wanted you to wake up after I finished with come all over your thighs."

George makes a whiny noise and bucks up into Dream's hand. Dream grins as he realizes that he is getting off on his words.

"Do you like that? Like me using you in your sleep?" Dream whispers, his hot breath ticking the shell of George's ear.

"Yes, please," George sighs out. "I like you using me."

Dream licks at the side of George's neck and bites it gently, making him whine and squirm. The sounds George makes underneath him are like a sweet melody in his ears.

"You're a slut, you know that?" Dream says, laughing as the hair on the back of George's neck stands up and he jerks his hips backwards to meet Dream's thrust. Dream fists his cock while whispering into his ear, "Only sluts would want it bad enough to ask to get fucked while they're not even awake."

"M'not a slut," he mumbles sleepily. He bucks up into Dream's touch, trying to get himself off, but failing pathetically. He's still weak from sleep, half conscious but begging for more.

"Liar," Dream mutters. "You're so desperate for this you'd probably let me stretch you open and fuck you while you're still asleep."

George whines, but he doesn't deny it.

"I'd fuck you nice and slow so you wouldn't wake up," Dream says, slowing down the rhythm of his dick sliding between George's thighs. "Fuck you until I came, fill you up so good. And then when you woke up the next morning, you'd be so sore and leaking come."

Dream absolutely loves the way George shudders beneath him. He can barely even see him in the dim light of his bedroom, but he doesn't need to see him, just feeling him tremble and quake in his arms is enough. He's not doing much better, though, if the way he's panting and bucking his hips is enough to go by. George's thighs are so soft and he clenches them every now and then, making Dream gasp and bury his head between George's shoulder blades. Their lovemaking is not rough or fast; instead, it's hot skin pressed together, heavy breathing and soft moans, Dream's hips rocking slowly into George.

"I want it," he whispers.

"yeah? Wanna wake up covered in my come?" Dream coos, and George nods needily. "next time when I fuck your thighs i'll be more gentle. You won't get woken up at all, baby, you'll only find out in the morning when your boxers are gone and you're all sticky."

"*Please*, Dream," George whines. Dream grins, rewarding him by picking up the pace that he's stroking him at.

"You're so fucking good, I love you," he praises.

"Love you too," George mumbles, his words still slurred from sleepiness. It's a tender moment in the middle of their filthy dirty talk, and it reminds Dream just how much he truly does love his boyfriend.

Dream can now feel himself beginning to near his orgasm. He continues jerking George off at the same pace, ignoring his pathetic attempts at making Dream go faster. The precum leaking from his cock has served to make George's thighs even more slick and wet, and it's absolute heaven.

"Clench your thighs a little tighter, baby," Dream pants out through gritted teeth. George does as he asks, crossing one foot over the other and tensing his legs. Dream's whole body is burning in pleasure at the feeling of the slick thighs tightening even further around his dick.

"Dream, please let me come," George pleads.

"You're not allowed to come until I do," Dream demands, his initially lazy fucking beginning to speed up as he starts to come undone. Telling George to wait isn't that rough of a punishment

because Dream knows he's about to be gone in seconds himself, but listening to George whine in protest makes up for it.

"Please, I'm gonna come if you don't stop," George whines, trying to scramble away from the pleasure and stave off his orgasm.

"Not until I do," Dream repeats, and he knows he's being a little evil as he plays with the sensitive head of George's dick, causing whiny moans to fall from his boyfriend's mouth.

It's almost funny how quickly George tightens his thighs again, trying to get Dream to come faster so that he can too. The action seems to do the trick, though, when Dream feels himself tip over the edge. His hips jerk as he orgasms, gasping and panting into George's neck. He comes all over George's slick thighs, spilling between them and then pulling out to finish off on the backs of his thighs and up onto his ass. Dream can hardly see in the dark bedroom, but his mouth waters at the barely visible sight of his come dripping down George's skin.

Dream trembles in the aftershocks of his orgasm, still recovering. He very nearly forgets that he's supposed to be getting George off too until he starts whining and pushing his hips into Dream's stilled hand.

"Good boy, so patient," Dream praises him breathlessly.

"Dream, please, need to come so bad." George wriggles desperately, trying to get Dream to resume the motions of his hand.

Finally taking mercy on George's poor, shaking body, Dream begins stroking again. He loves the way George lurches forward, keening at the intense sensation of Dream's hand dragging up and down his aching cock. Dream knows he has to be so close.

"C'mon, baby, go ahead and come," he whispers into his ear.

George groans lowly as he finally comes into Dream's hand. He strokes him through it, enjoying the broken moans leaving his mouth as he trembles and coats Dream's hand in sticky come. He keeps slowly jerking him through his orgasm and doesn't stop until George has to reach down and push his hands away.

"Too much," he mumbles.

Dream lies there with his one arm still draped around George's waist, both of them resting and trying to catch their breath. He waits until they're both calmed down to slide out of bed and tiptoe to the bathroom, washing George's come off his hand and grabbing a spare rag and wetting it. He returns to George and gently cleans him up, wiping the come and spit off of his thighs.

"I thought you wanted me to wake up covered in your come?" George teases in a quiet voice.

"Maybe another time." Dream finishes wiping the last inch of George's skin clean, tossing the rag carelessly into the floor. He pulls George's boxers back up onto his waist carefully then crawls back under the covers next to him. George rolls over so he's facing Dream.

"Was that good?" Dream asks.

"So fucking good, Dream," George whispers. Dream thinks he sounds like he's half-asleep once more, right on the edge of unconsciousness.

"I'm glad," Dream whispers, pressing a gentle kiss to George's forehead. "Goodnight, George."

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